

I Miss You

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Summary: When Jack has to go leave on an important journalist thing overseas, Hiccup has trouble sleeping.

I Miss You

***"I Miss You." **

To say that he disliked watching him depart from his vantage point at the airport would be an understatement. In all honesty this would be the very first time the young couple had been so far apart after six months of their dating, and the following two months of their engagement. His stomach was churning in horrified knots, his imagination filling his head with so many sickening possibilities. He liked flying, yes, but he did not like Jack flying alone across the sea without him. But the young journalist had gotten a scoop in a territory overseas and was being sent out to cover the story. The trouble was that the territory he was going to was infested with chaos. It was a warzone occupying one of the smaller countries with brutalities Hiccup would not care to recite.

He told him to be careful, he really did, but no matter how much he said it, he felt it was not enough. Standing on the opposing side of the gate and waving him off with hesitation, Jack had simply turned to wave with a reassuring smile. They had talked about his leaving for weeks; already shared kisses and goodbyes, and yet Hiccup was anything but prepared for this moment. He was absolutely nervous beyond belief. More so than Jack apparently. They had shared soft, secret moments of promising to call if it was possible and skyping if the wireless permitted it, but it was not really the same thing.

Once his fianc  had disappeared behind the gate, (white hair out of sight) Hiccup heaved out a begrudging sigh and wrapped his arms around himself. The airport was chilly in the crisp autumn night, even in the double layers and large sweater that were slightly too big for his slight frame. He suddenly felt terribly alone. He missed

Jack alreadyâ€¦|..

Pulling his too-big-for-him coat closer around his thin body, Hiccup turned and made his way out of the airport. He had to take the bus out and then a taxi, because they'd been in too much of a hurry to chance driving there and being late. When he'd gotten out of the cab and headed up the porch steps, Hiccup hesitated opening the door. He was tired alreadyâ€¦|. Which was unusual for him at this time of night, but his worry was the cause of his exhaustion.

He knew Jack would get through his 14 hour flight with easeâ€¦|. He knew Jack loved to fly but by the gods, Hiccup was terrified. What if there was a storm? What if they crashed? He shook his head and pushed his coat off and onto the couch, trying to ignore the itching habit nagging on him to hang it up properly. His foot touched the stair and he groaned and turned back around to glare at the coat. Curse him and his obsessive compulsive behavior towards cleanlinessâ€¦|.. He begrudgingly hung the coat back up and stomped up the stairs as fast as his prosthetic could allow. He had no appetite at the moment as his mind wandered back to Jack. 14 hours in the air with no reception of their phones. Jack had made it clear how sorry he was that his phone wouldn't work on the flight after a couple hours. Hiccup had been checking his phone during the ride back, and he had had a few texts. Silly little snippets of "I love you"s and "I miss you"s, with the occasional poke at his nerves. "C'mon Hic, I know you love flying more than the pilots do. i'll be fine!" and "come on, princess, your king knows what he's doing! ;)". But that had been a couple hours ago. He'd been told to turn his phone off and Hiccup hadn't heard from him since.

He slumped down on the bed that now seemed simply too large for his lonesome self. Lifting his arms up around his shoulders, he slumped back on the bed in the dark room and stared up at the ceiling. Why was it he was so very okay with the idea of being 40,000 feet higher than anyone else in the sky, and yet when Jack was without him at that height, he felt as if the world was crumbling around him. "I miss you, you big obnoxious dummy." He muttered and had to wiggle back up the bed to get into the covers. It was a stupid sight but he didn't much feel like doing things the easy way when his mind was elsewhere. Tucking the covers up over his head he curled his legs to his chest and listened in the darkness.

Silence followed. Silence and his own breathing. He was hyper aware of the cold draft against his back where Jack was not holding him, and the feeling of his waist devoid of Jack's strong, gentle arm. He curled himself closer and pulled the covers close around his body and groaned. No sound of Jack's soft breathing that would turn into all out snoresâ€¦|. Why was it that now that he was gone, and set to be gone for three whole weeks, that Hiccup actually missed the obnoxious snoring?

I the distance he heard sirens and a car door slamming, and the deafening sound of nothingness that followed. And Hiccup, as he sat there curled in on himself, had to force back a soft whimper. _Dammit Haddock, you're stronger than this! _He told himself. _You were alone for years and years before ever meeting Jack, and you could handle sleeping alone! You shouldn't be crying because your boyfriend isn't here after only a few hours apart! _He sat up. Nopeâ€¦| even if he tried he couldn't stop, and there was no way to prevent himself from setting his head on his knees and tensing his shoulders, keeping his

arms wrapped tightly around himself. He was practically trying to curl all the way into himself as he softly cried. Dammit! why couldn't he be a good boyfriend/fiancé and just suck it up and deal with it?

But hell, there was no one around and he was damned tired. He'd been up almost 20 hours helping Jack pack and making sure everything was perfect so he could get through customs without reason of being stopped or anything. Making sure cameras and notepads were packed along with a decent amount of clothes and spares just in case. Packing up the suitcase and carry-on so it would all fit and talking about what would happen and how much they would miss one another. It was overwhelming and he was finally letting it out unconstrained because there was no one around but Toothless. The cat did not pay him any heed though because Hiccup really didn't cry all that loudly and said feline was already asleep on the chair.

An hour and a half and Hiccup had cried himself out. He blinked his red-rimmed eyes. Boy did they burn from the salty tears that had caused his eyelashes to mess up and irritate his eyes. His head hurt and nose was stuffy, but all in all he felt slightly better. He was still cold though and he sat up and groaned when the snot tried to thwart him and drip. He was fast enough to catch hold of the tissues near the desk Jack worked on for his papers. Blowing his nose, Hiccup looked around and moved towards the hamper in the bathroom. He pulled out several items of clothing until he found what he was looking for and disrobed, pulling on the large blue hoodie Jack always wore. It might not be already warmed by his body heat but it still smelled like Jack and for a moment, Hiccup just closed his eyes and inhaled before going back to the bed and crawling in, bare except for the jacket. He snuggled in and finally felt much more at ease. Closing his eyes, he pulled the hood up over his head and pulled Jack's pillow behind him. It was much more comforting even if he knew he was still alone.

And finally, Hiccup fell asleep with his phone in his hand, eager for a text from his fiancé.

End
file.